

Haunted Intellect

We drop from starlit skies
to plains of steel and cold
...and there the person is.

Welding
in a hall quite distant from life
and other worlds.

(sparks and smoke do lash their brain
through pupils wide with fear)

It's taken time, this job of theirs
to seal forever
their own fell mind.

Yes beyond the welds
lurk bowels of pain,
catacombs packed with grease and bone,
wraiths
giant monsters
and requiems.

To break their seal would mean release
for stellar gloom
and manifest fright.

But the work is sound,
and the welds do bond.
The person is safe at last

...or?

We leave the person as they wipe a brow,
smearing the salts shed fashioning war
on plains forgotten.